CARLOS FUENTES by Helen Lane

THE NATION

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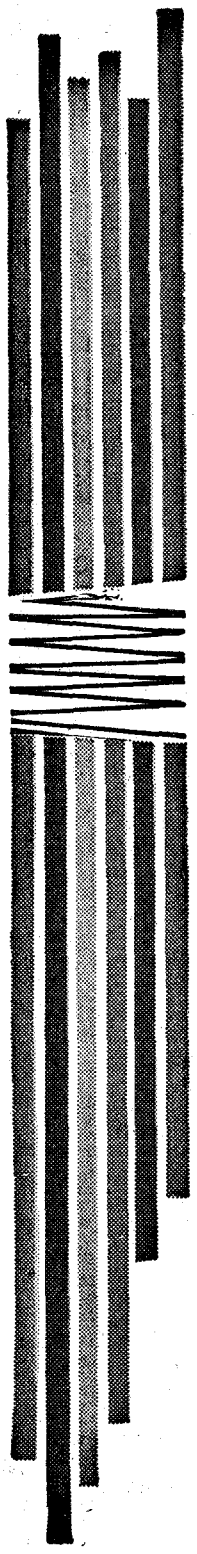

THE DAY THE ADS STOPPED

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Profile in Courage

'Sick and Tired of Being Sick and Tired'

Jerry DeMuth

Codes of Ethics

All Honorable Men

Louis W. Koenig

Metropolitan Opera

THE SMUG DOWAGER

Benjamin Boretz

The Sherrod Library
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Johnson City, Tennessee

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LETTERS

In face of intimidation

Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs: We must take exception to some of the remarks made in the concluding paragraph of your editorial, "Needed: More Vote-Ins" (*The Nation*, May 11). Increased voter registration among Negroes *is* taking place all over the South, *even* in Mississippi. According to information in our office, total Negro registration in eleven Southern states (Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia) has now passed the 2 million mark.

The Negro is asserting his determination, often in the face of intimidation, to become enfranchised. . . . The "political sloth" in the small towns of the South which you mentioned seems to be giving way to adamantly energized activity aimed at gaining franchisement. . . .

Barbara I. Whitaker
Voter Education Project
Southern Regional Council

[See page 548, this issue, Ed.]

Wallace in Wisconsin

Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Sirs: An editorial in your April 20 issue, entitled "Wallace in Wisconsin," attributed much of Wallace's 250,000 Wisconsin vote to what was termed the "foolish" campaign run by favorite son candidate Governor John Reynolds. I must object to the outright inaccuracies used as the basis of the editorial.

You state that "Governor [Reynolds] sent his personal limousine to the airport and extended other formal courtesies which, under the circumstances, could well have been omitted." This is not true. At no time during the campaign did Governor Reynolds offer any aid to his opponent.

You state that "then [Reynolds] proceeded to go on a trip, leaving the field to the invader." This is not true. Governor Reynolds called off a trip to Europe (as part of a Wisconsin trade mission) the day after the Alabama Governor announced his entry into the primary. The only time the Governor left Wisconsin during the four-week campaign was for a two-day trip to Washington to confer with President Johnson.

You claimed that "when he returned, he was reluctant to take on Wallace." . . . This is not true. . . . The day after George Wallace filed for the election, Governor Reynolds issued a strong appeal to the people of Wisconsin "to make sure that it's clear to the nation that George Wallace, that his tactics, and that the philosophy that he espouses, is rejected." Wisconsin political reporters termed the Reynolds campaign one of the most active in memory. . . .

Robert L. Stonek

Compulsory sterilization

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Dr. Guttmacher says in "Sterilization: Facts and Arguments" (*The Nation*, Apr. 6) that he is "absolutely opposed to any form of compulsory sterilization." Is he opposed to compulsory sterilization of persons of such mental incapacity that they cannot use what he calls temporary measures? If so, since such persons are often completely normal sexually, there would be only two alternatives —keep them institutionalized (i. e., imprisoned) for life, or allow them to reproduce themselves in offspring who would inherit their defect.

Miriam deFord Shipley

New York City

Dear Sirs: When I wrote *compulsory sterilization*, I referred to the voluntary consent of the person of normal intelligence. If he is mentally incompetent, then the voluntary consent would have to be given by the nearest of kin with normal intelligence or a court-appointed guardian. If one cannot obtain this in the type of case alluded to in Mrs. Shipley's letter, then the only choice is permanent institutionalization.

Alan F. Guttmacher, M.D.

Cult and reality

Monterrey, Mexico

Dear Sirs: Arthur F. Corwin's article "Mexico Resists the Pill" (*The Nation*, May 11) is an interesting example of how an educated American (a university teacher!) can live several years in Mexico, in close contact with Mexican students, and yet remain blind to our realities and attitudes.

All that mess about the cult of the Virgin and the inferiority complex of the mestizos is pure nonsense. . . . When we talk about Mexican aggrandizement we are being as rationally nationalistic as Americans, Frenchmen or Russians are when they confront their country with the rest of the world. . . .

In order to explain our failure to adopt birth control, it is not necessary to fall back on obscure and deeply rooted feelings of inferiority or of *machismo*. The explanation lies in much more evident factors, such as the indolence and fatalistic attitudes that are common to all traditional cultures, which can be broken only through a protracted process of mass education. . . . This is the way in which people all over the world behave, and I cannot see any reason to rely on racial distinctions to explain the phenomenon. . . .

Eduardo L. Suárez, Director
Universidad de Nuevo Leon

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The Deliveryman

The Bobby Baker case just won't steal away — although stealing or something akin to it is surely involved. Some Senators would give a substantial part of their personal fortune if it would only disappear, leaving behind no revelations to embarrass them. But in one form or another it will continue, regardless of what action the Rules Committee or the Senate may take.

Congressional committees sometimes bring in outside counsel in dubious affairs like Bobby Baker's, and the results are often good. In this case the chief counsel is Lennox P. McLendon, a 74-year-old trial lawyer from North Carolina who does not act his age. He was shocked by the goings on he discovered and decided that the Senate was too important a body to suffer long under a reputation so tarnished. The committee agreed to the extent of leaking his report, then making it public. The central recommendations are sound: compulsory public disclosure of financial interests of Senators and officers and employees of the Senate; prohibition of associations of these individuals with persons doing business with the government; and forcing Senators who possess pertinent information to testify before Congressional committees (see "All Honorable Men" by Louis W. Koenig, p. 551).

Another hero of this sorry affair is Senator John J. Williams of Delaware, who may be accurately described as the guardian of the Senate's virtue. Senator Williams says that he has the names of ten members of the Senate who in one way or another were tied up with Baker and received gifts, hospitality, favors or other considerations. He withheld the names pending investigation by the Rules Committee. When a pettifogging objection was raised that all this was outside the scope of the investigation, Senator Williams offered an amendment to clarify the committee's right to proceed; the amendment was defeated on pretty much a party-line vote: 42-33. Like Major McLendon, Senator Williams is not trying to smear anyone: his purpose is to restore the reputation of the Senate. If there were another score of Senators like Williams, there would be no misdemeanors — the Senate would be too perilous a place for chiselers. Williams can share some of the credit with Senator Clifford P. Case of New Jersey, likewise a Republican.

Also on the honor list is Walter Pincus of the Washington *Star*, who has dug into campaign costs and Bobby Baker's role in them. From January, 1955, to January, 1961, Baker was secretary of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee; during the last year he also acted as treasurer and kept the committee books in his Capitol office. More than $900,000 in campaign funds was reported, but from whom, and how expended, is a mystery. The records of this period, though filed with the Clerk of the House for public inspection under federal law, are no longer available; the House Clerk has ruled that he is required to maintain such records for two years only. In 1960, Baker also acted as treasurer for the Congressional campaign dinner, which reportedly grossed $400,000, and on which information is likewise unavailable. In 1956 and 1958, Pincus says, Baker acted as "deliveryman" for the Senatorial Campaign Committee, carrying checks and cash from Washington to candidates around the country. In 1961 and 1962, he was arranging Washington cocktail parties to raise money for various Senators. These are sensitive areas and few Senators would care to have them explored.

Light and air must be let into these dark places. If the committee closes the inquiry, as it is scheduled to do on May 31, with an attempted whitewash, Senator Williams should name names on the Senate floor.

The Killer

Decoration Day, now called Memorial Day, was inaugurated in 1868 to honor the dead of the Civil War. It retains some vestiges of its origin, but the principal distinction of May 30 is now the "Memorial Day classic" — the 500-mile automobile race at Indianapolis. A big event, this. Rewards for the winner add up to nearly $200,000, the trial runs draw about 250,000, and the main event on Memorial Day can count on 300,000 fans hoping to see someone killed. Their hopes are usually gratified.

For the fans the race is a thrill. For the automobile companies, it is a commercial proposition. In this respect the fortunes of Indianapolis have fluctuated. Now in its forty-eighth year, it started as an industry promotion, but at that time the automobile was more or less "a toy of the rich." After 1920, when mass production had changed things, auto racing went out of fashion for a time. Now it is probably the second largest spectator sport in the United States, and Indianapolis flourishes accordingly.

Not all the automobile companies are of one mind in this matter. General Motors has been out of auto racing for more than a year and intends to stay out. Racing may prove out racing cars, Chairman Frederic G. Donner concedes, but what has it got to do with passenger cars? But Ford and Chrysler are fighting it out, at Indianapolis and elsewhere. Ford's percentage of total sales has been dropping and it is trying to rebuild its image around power, speed and the youth market. Chrysler has an engine which turns out at least 525 horsepower — the Ford people call it the "King Kong" — and its president declares that if racing is needed to capture the imagination of the country, Chrysler will race. It is, in fact, a cheap form

MAY 28 '64

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of advertising, and when has an automobile sales manager balked at anything that would sell cars?

Thus, except for General Motors, the good resolutions of 1957, when Detroit agreed to abandon racing, have gone by the board. But among the engineers and technicians, there is still some frank speaking. Jack Charipar, Chrysler's manager of product planning for turbine and special cars, is quoted by *Newsweek* as saying that the race track "is an abominable place to evaluate a car." And Ford, which did make a commendable effort to sell seat belts a few years ago, might consider the effect of track racing on young drivers, some of whom try it on the road and kill themselves, their passengers and innocent motorists. In Europe, auto racing is done on public roads, closed for the occasion, which makes at least a modicum of sense as far as car testing goes. But, whether on a track or a highway, this so-called sport is a strange way to celebrate Memorial Day.

How to Succeed in Politics

After Governor Rockefeller's victory in Oregon, the press, which had followed most of the pollsters in downgrading his chances, suddenly blazed forth with stories of the Governor's "stunning," "smashing," "upset" victory. Suddenly, also, the press discovered, or perhaps rediscovered, that the Governor has some admirable qualities as a person and as a campaigner; he is easy to meet, tireless, self-confident, courageous, determined to win. But there is more to the Oregon victory than all this would imply.

After the ill-fated New Hampshire primary, the Rockefeller advisers (and they are legion) were not at all certain that the Governor should stay in the Oregon race. There was talk also of changing his campaign style. In New Hampshire he had shaken hands — almost as many hands as there are voters — sat in on church suppers, trudged through mud and snow, bought candy for the kiddies, etc.; and all with less than satisfactory results. Accordingly, the Governor was urged to abandon "old style" campaigning in favor of the wonder-working new media, notably television. At this desperate juncture, someone had the bright thought of seeking the assistance of a young New York lawyer, Robert Price, who is the devoted campaign manager of Rep. John V. Lindsay, one of the neglected national assets of the Republican Party. Mr. Price agreed to help in Oregon, and may thereby have worked a significant mutation in American campaign techniques. In essence, the strategy Mr. Price hit upon, and carried out with brilliant success, was this: First of all, he set up genuine county organizations, with county chairmen, making sure that the personnel of the county organizations felt that they were actively participating, as indeed they were, in the campaign. He sees nothing wrong with handshaking — quite the contrary — but handshaking without organization is futile. The Governor was taken into twenty-two of the thirty-six counties of Oregon and would have been taken into all of them if time had permitted; Mr. Price visited all thirty-six.

Selective use was made of *all* media, but subordinate to an overall campaign strategy. For example, the slogan, "He Cared Enough to Come to Oregon," was carried as an ad with a photograph of the Governor in every weekly and daily newspaper in the state. There are twelve of them in Oregon, so that was a feasible and not particularly expensive technique. Local radio spot announcements were used to build interest in the Governor's visits. When Rockefeller arrived in town X, he found a crowd on hand and an active local organization. As to television, Mr. Price canceled a number of programs but used TV effectively in the last phases of the campaign. To him, saturation television is not effective; it is repetitive and looks "expensive." As a result of this redirection and shift in emphasis, the Rockefeller campaign began to move. The brilliance of the redirection consisted precisely in the fact that a selective use was made of all media; means were not confused with ends. The new media can perform miracles but cannot displace the county chairman, the campaign organization or the issues. All this implies that there is still some hope for grass-roots politics. It is ironic that it took the combination of a multimillionaire candidate and a political buff from a so-called "blue stocking" district in Manhattan to prove it.

Whose Children?

The F-105 jet rose from the runway at Nellis Air Force Base, near Las Vegas, on a routine training mission. The pilot, First Lieutenant Raynor L. Hebert, 26, carried six small practice bombs, 1,000 rounds of 20 mm. cannon ammunition and a full load of gasoline. At 2,000 feet his engine flamed out. There was no time to jettison fuel. The control tower told Hebert to head for a desert area. He replied that he was at 1,000 feet and losing altitude fast. A real estate development was directly ahead. Nose up, tail down, the pilot struggled to reach a clear area. He didn't quite make it. The plane hit one of the last houses, exploded, killed a 31-year-old woman and her young daughter, another 3-year-old girl and a 3-month-old baby and the pilot. Seven homes were destroyed.

The mother of the 3-year-old and the baby clawed at a shattered window casement of her flaming home, screaming, "I've got to get in there. My children are in there." She was dragged away. A witness of the crash said: "I saw two women hanging out clothes where it hit. They disappeared." Another witness said: "Bless his heart, the pilot really tried."

That he did. He died gallantly. But what was the purpose of his flight? He was practicing aerial bombing and gunnery. Something went wrong and he died, taking four civilians with him. Every day, probably, far more than four civilians are burned to death by American pilots flying missions in South Vietnam, and these victims include small children as attractive, as loved and as helpless as the children in Nevada. Of course, American pilots don't intentionally shower napalm and phosphorus on these Asian children, any more than Lt. Hebert wanted to kill

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the children in Las Vegas. They are by-product casualties of the righteous war against the Communists which President Johnson is now stepping up. As we send more aircraft and airmen to Vietnam, more Vietnamese children will be killed.

Race, Creed, Color or Bankroll

Civil rights is not only a matter of law; it is also, in the world's most thoroughly capitalistic country, a matter of money. Negro leaders know this, and one basic plank of their own emancipation proclamation is the economic rehabilitation of their people. But you need not belong to a minority to suffer a loss of the rights granted other men; you need only be poor.

Take the matter of bail. If a man of substance falls foul of the law, he can, except in extreme situations, readily arrange for bail and go his way freely in the weeks or months before his case comes to trial. Bail bondsmen will not accept indigent clients, and the poor defendant, who enjoys an equally strong presumption of innocence, spends those weary days of waiting in jail.

It is welcome news, therefore, that the Justice Department has sponsored for May 27-29 a National Conference on Bail and Criminal Justice, to be held at the State Department in Washington. Co-sponsor of the meeting is the Vera Foundation of New York, which over the last four years has pioneered in the nation's largest city the concept of "pre-trial parole." Through its efforts, the background of a poor defendant is searched for information that would warrant a judge's releasing the man on his own recognizance. Thanks to the foundation, thousands of such releases have been granted by the courts, and less than 1 per cent of its candidates have jumped parole (see "Fair Bail for All" by William M. Kunstler, *The Nation,* July 27, 1963).

The Supreme Court has ruled that no man shall be deprived of counsel from lack of money to hire a lawyer (see "Banner of Gideon" by Robert G. Sherrill, *The Nation,* April 13). The Justice Department now recognizes that poverty is no ground for putting a man behind bars. Step by step, we move toward the position that equal means equal and inalienable means inalienable, and that neither word can be qualified by the color of a man's skin or the state of his pocketbook.

Maple Leaf Forever

It is not for Americans to say under what flag Canadians shall live and die, but Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson seems to have made a good case for a distinctive Canadian flag, as opposed to the present Red Ensign, which is a modification of the flag of the British Merchant Marine. The issue is not new. Two years ago, when he was Opposition leader, Mr. Pearson promised that a Liberal government, if it took office, would submit a new flag design within two years. More than a year has passed. The Red Ensign is unacceptable to French Canada. A flag on the order of the design Mr. Pearson is said to favor—three red maple leaves on a white background, flanked by vertical blue bars, would presumably mollify French Canadians and serve to unite the country, which is now almost in the situation of India and Pakistan before the end of British sovereignty.

A flag is not only a highly charged symbol, but an artistic problem. In 1946, according to the *Toronto Daily Star,* 2,596 designs were submitted to a Commons committee and none was found acceptable. Tradition and politics also play a part. The Conservatives have made the question of the flag a Parliamentary issue. At first, Mr. Pearson seemed inclined to allow Liberal party members to vote against the new flag without losing their party membership, but now he is willing to submit to a vote of confidence. He will be opposed not only by most Conservatives but by the Canadian Legion. One local secretary referred to the three maple leaves as a "pawnbroker symbol." The inevitable *ad hoc* committee has been organized; this one favors retention of the ensign. Reasons are given as tradition, recognition of Canada's membership in the British Commonwealth, the fact that thousands of Canadians died under the old flag, etc. To which Mr. Pearson replies that Canadians were proud of the maple leaf in both World Wars. The chances are he will win.

Okinawa: Trigger in the Pacific... James M. Diamond

"Okinawa" means "rope in the sea." The rope, 600 miles long, consists of about 150 small islands which stretch from Kyushu, the southernmost of the four major islands of Japan, toward Formosa, screening the East China Sea from the Pacific. Once, in the days when sea transport was more primitive, this "rope in the sea" was an important trade route between the two countries which it joins; still earlier, it may have been the route of immigrants who settled Japan from the south. Today, it is a link in the chain of U.S. military bases which encircle the Communist continent.

Despite the fact that Okinawans are a highly civilized and able Japanese-speaking people who fervently desire reunion with Japan (Okinawa was a feudality of Japan for 270 years and a modern prefecture for seventy-three), Okinawa is now governed by a U.S. regime which has decreed that all attempts to overthrow its rule are criminal. It is headed by a High Commissioner (by the nature of his appointment the general in command of U.S. forces in Okinawa always holds the post) who proclaims laws, appoints judges to a system of courts of superior jurisdiction, vetoes all or any part of acts of the elected legisla-

James M. Diamond, a free-lance writer living in Japan, is writing a book on postwar Okinawa.

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ture of which he disapproves, supervises police and intelligence agencies, controls the largest bank in Okinawa as well as oil, water and electricity monopolies, and disposes of the considerable profits thereof. These powers have been used, among other things, to acquire by force, for military use, the lands of 250,000 members of peasant households (a quarter of the population).

Withholding Japanese sovereignty in Okinawa has had the secondary effect of restricting Japan's possibilities for improving relations with China and the USSR. Japan's freedom to negotiate a peace treaty with her Socialist neighbors has been compromised by U.S. hints that if the Kurile Islands are ceded to the Soviet Union (in accordance with the Yalta and Potsdam agreements), the U.S. will not return Okinawa. Similarly, Japan's otherwise successful policy of prohibiting nuclear weapons on her soil has been frustrated by the presence on Okinawa, 350 miles off the Chinese coast, of Asia's mightiest nuclear base.

Legal basis of U.S. rule in Okinawa comes as an astonishment. In the Treaty of Peace with Japan, the United States asserted its right to propose a UN trusteeship for Japan's Okinawa prefecture and "pending the making of such a proposal" to exercise "all and any powers of administration, legislation, and jurisdiction over the territory and inhabitants of these islands." The making of such a proposal has now been "pending" for eleven years, and will never be made for the simple reason that the UN Charter forbids trusteeships over the territory of member nations.

How our continued presence on Okinawa might be distinguished from an annexation of territory based on military conquest is not clear, particularly since even the United States admits the validity of Japan's claim to the island. President Kennedy, in the statement which accompanied his Executive Order 11010 on the rule of Okinawa, said, "I recognize [Okinawa] to be a part of the Japanese homeland." The U.S. position is that military considerations must override all others, and that the day of reunion, promised for the indefinite future, must be postponed while the free world is in danger. But we may ask, together with 1 million Japanese who are now ruled by the Pentagon, whether freedom can be defended by dictatorship.

This question is particularly important since the military programs for which continued U.S. rule of Okinawa is deemed essential would seem to be more provocative than useful. A current example is the installation of nuclear missiles of a range that could be used only against targets in nonnuclear countries (Russia is beyond its reach). Quite obviously, then, it is deployed against China, North Korea or North Vietnam, all within range.

The only purpose which these weapons can be serving is to threaten a first strike. This precludes any hope that China will agree to give up attempts to develop her own nuclear deterrent. Surely, if the U.S. is really concerned to stop the spread of nuclear weapons, it must refrain from using its nuclear might to threaten nations which do not yet possess the bomb.

In other respects, too, the military programs of Okinawa obstruct the road to peace. Okinawa's atomic artillery, Mach-2 fighter bombers equipped with nuclear weapons and U-2 aircraft, are aggressive weapons in terms of the present balance of military technology in Southeast Asia. Removal of all these, or at least of all nuclear weapons, would permit reintegration of Okinawa and Japan without necessitating the withdrawal of U.S. troops and bases and with no change in the present Sino-American Mutual Security Treaty. More than this is not needed for a reasonable policy of defense, and the establishment of democratic government in Okinawa would certainly contribute more in the long run to the attainment of any sane American objectives in the area than will the presence of an unneeded nuclear strike force.

If our policy planners do not take some such action, it will become increasingly difficult to avoid the conclusion that they are using Okinawa as a wedge between the USSR and China. Fashioning a *détente* with the one, while engaging in provocative containment of the other, is a policy calculated to split the Socialist bloc. If it is true that, during his visit to the U.S. in 1959, Khrushchev communicated his refusal to help China acquire nuclear weapons (as New China News Agency asserted last August), then the subsequent U.S. decision to base Mace ICBM missiles in Okinawa, which was reported by Defense Secretary Gates to a House appropriations subcommittee in early 1960, before the "spirit of Camp David" had disappeared, could hardly have been taken without regard to the reaction of the Chinese. These speculations are admittedly based on too little evidence, but they point to the fact that our colony in the South China Sea is a logical focus for consideration of our policies in Asia.

'Tired of Being Sick and Tired' . . . Jerry DeMuth

About 20 feet back from a narrow dirt road just off the state highway that cuts through Ruleville, Miss., is a small, three-room, white frame house with a screened porch. A large pecan tree grows in the front yard and two smaller ones grow out back. Butter bean and okra plants are filling out in the gardens on the lots on either side of the house. Lafayette Street is as quiet as the rest of Ruleville, a town of less than 2,000 located in Sunflower County, 30 miles from the Mississippi River. Sunflower County, home of Senator Eastland and 68 per cent Negro, is one of twenty-four counties in the northwestern quarter of the state—the Delta—that make up the Second Congressional District. Since 1941, this district has been represented in Congress by Jamie Whitten, chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee on Agriculture, who is now seeking his thirteenth term.

From the house on the dirt road there now comes a person to challenge Jamie Whitten: Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer. Mrs. Hamer is a Negro

Jerry DeMuth is a free-lance magazine writer, now covering stories in the South.

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and only 6,616 Negroes (or 4.14 per cent of voting-age Negroes) were registered to vote in the Second Congressional District in 1960. But in 1962, when Whitten was elected for the twelfth time, only 31,345 persons cast votes, although in 1960 there were more than 300,000 persons of voting age in the district, 59 per cent of them Negro. Mrs. Hamer's bid is sponsored by the Council of Federated Organizations, a Mississippi coalition of local and national civil rights organizations.

Until Mississippi stops its discriminatory voting practices, Mrs. Hamer's chance of election is slight, but she is waking up the citizens of her district. "I'm showing people that a Negro can run for office," she explains. Her deep, powerful voice shakes the air as she sits on the porch or inside, talking to friends, relatives and neighbors who drop by on the one day each week when she is not out campaigning. Whatever she is talking about soon becomes an impassioned plea for a change in the system that exploits the Delta Negroes. "All my life I've been sick and tired," she shakes her head. "Now I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired."

Mrs. Hamer was born October 6, 1917, in Montgomery County, the twentieth child in a family of six girls and fourteen boys. When she was 2 her family moved to Sunflower County, 60 miles to the west.

The family would pick fifty-sixty bales of cotton a year, so my father decided to rent some land. He bought some mules and a cultivator. We were doin' pretty well. He even started to fix up the house real nice and had bought a car. Then our stock got poisoned. We knowed this white man had done it. He stirred up a gallon of Paris green with the feed. When we got out there, one mule was already dead. T'other two mules and the cow had their stomachs all swelled up. It was too late to save 'em. That poisonin' knocked us right back down flat. We never did get back up again. That white man did it just because we were gettin' somewhere. White people never like to see Negroes get a little success. All of this stuff is no secret in the state of Mississippi.

Mrs. Hamer pulled her feet under the worn, straight-backed chair she was sitting in. The linoleum under her feet was worn through to another layer of linoleum. Floor boards showed in spots. She folded her large hands on her lap and shifted her weight in the chair.

Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer

She's a large and heavy woman, but large and heavy with a power to back up her determination.

We went back to sharecroppin', halvin', it's called. You split the cotton half and half with the plantation owner. But the seed, fertilizer, cost of hired hands, everything is paid out of the cropper's half.

Later, I dropped out of school. I cut corn stalks to help the family. My parents were gettin' up in age — they weren't young when I was born, I was the twentieth child — and my mother had a bad eye. She was cleanin' up the owner's yard for a quarter when somethin' flew up and hit her in the eye.

So many times for dinner we would have greens with no seasonin' . . . and flour gravy. My mother would mix flour with a little grease and try to make gravy out of it. Sometimes she'd cook a little meal and we'd have bread.

No one can honestly say Negroes are satisfied. We've only been patient, but how much more patience can we have?

Fannie Lou and Perry Hamer have two daughters, 10 and 19, both of whom they adopted. The Hamers adopted the older girl when she was born to give her a home, her mother being unmarried. "I've always been concerned with any human being," Mrs. Hamer explains. The younger girl was given to her at the age of 5 months. She had been burned badly when a tub of boiling water spilled, and her large, impoverished family was not able to care for her. "We had a little money so we took care of her and raised her. She was sickly too when I got her, suffered from malnutrition. Then she got run over by a car and her leg was broken. So she's only in fourth grade now."

The older girl left school after the tenth grade to begin working.

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Several months ago when she tried to get a job, the employer commented, "You certainly talk like Fannie Lou." When the girl replied, "She raised me," she was denied the job. She has a job now, but Mrs. Hamer explains, "They don't know she's my child."

The intimidation that Mrs. Hamer's older girl faces is what Mrs. Hamer has faced since August 31, 1962. On that day she and seventeen others went down to the county courthouse in Indianola to try to register to vote. From the moment they arrived, police wandered around their bus, keeping an eye on the eighteen. "I wonder what they'll do," the bus driver said to Mrs. Hamer. Halfway back to Ruleville, the police stopped the bus and ordered it back to Indianola. There they were all arrested. The bus was painted the wrong color, the police told them.

After being bonded out, Mrs. Hamer returned to the plantation where the Hamers had lived for eighteen years.

My oldest girl met me and told me that Mr. Marlowe, the plantation owner, was mad and raisin' Cain. He had heard that I had tried to register. That night he called on us and said, "We're not ready for that in Mississippi now. If you don't withdraw, I'll let you go." I left that night but "Pap" — that's what I call my husband — had to stay on till work on the plantation was through.

In the spring of last year, Mr. Hamer got a job at a Ruleville cotton gin. But this year, though others are working there already, they haven't taken him back.

According to Mississippi law the names of all persons who take the registration test must be in the local paper for two weeks. This subjects Negroes, especially Delta Negroes, to all sorts of retaliatory actions. "Most Negroes in the Delta are sharecroppers. It's not like in the hills where Negroes own land. But everything happened before my name had been in the paper," Mrs. Hamer adds.

She didn't pass the test the first time, so she returned on December 4, and took it again. "You'll see me every 30 days till I pass," she told the registrar. On January 10, she returned and found out that she had passed. "But I still wasn't allowed to vote last fall because I didn't have two poll-tax receipts. We still have to pay poll tax for state elections. I have two receipts now."

After being forced to leave the plantation, Mrs. Hamer stayed with various friends and relatives. On September 10, night riders fired sixteen times into the home of one of these persons, Mrs. Turner. Mrs. Hamer was away at the time. In December, 1962, the Hamers moved into their present home which they rent from a Negro woman.

Mrs. Hamer had by then begun active work in the civil rights movement. She gathered names for a petition to obtain federal commodities for needy Negro families and attended various Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) and Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) workshops throughout the South. Since then she has been active as a SNCC field secretary in voter registration and welfare programs and has taught classes for SCLC. At present, most of her time is spent campaigning.

In June of last year, Mrs. Hamer was returning from a workshop in Charleston, S.C. She was arrested in Winona, in Montgomery County, 60 miles east of Indianola, the county in which she was born. Along with others, she was taken from the bus to the jail.

They carried me into a room and there was two Negro boys in this room. The state highway patrolman gave them a long, wide blackjack and he told one of the boys, "Take this," and the Negro, he said, "This what you want me to use?" The state patrolman said, "That's right, and if you don't use it on her you know what I'll use on you."

I had to get over on a bed flat on my stomach and that man beat me . . . that man beat me till he give out. And by me screamin', it made a plain-clothes man — he didn't have on nothin' like a uniform — he got so hot and worked up he just run there and started hittin' me on the back of my head. And I was tryin' to guard some of the licks with my hands and they just beat my hands till they turned blue. This Negro just beat me till I know he was give out. Then this state patrolman told the other Negro to take me so he take over from there and he just keep beatin' me.

The police carried Mrs. Hamer to her cell when they were through beating her. They also beat Annelle Ponder, a SCLC worker who was returning on the bus with her, and Lawrence Guyot, a SNCC field secretary who had traveled from the Greenwood SNCC office to investigate the arrests.

They whipped Annelle Ponder and I heard her screamin'. After a while she passed by where I was in the cell and her mouth was bleedin' and her hair was standin' up on her head and you know it was horrifyin'.

Over in the night I even heard screamin'. I said, "Oh, Lord, somebody else gettin' it, too." It was later that we heard that Lawrence Guyot was there. I got to see him. I could walk as far as the cell door and I asked them to please leave that door open so I could get a breath of fresh air every once in a while. That's how I got to see Guyot. He looked as if he was in pretty bad shape. And it was on my nerves, too, because that was the first time I had seen him and not smilin'.

After I got out of jail, half dead, I found out that Medgar Evers had been shot down in his own yard.

Mrs. Hamer paused for a moment, saddened by the recollection. I glanced around the dim room. Faded wallpaper covered the walls and a vase, some framed photos, and a large doll were placed neatly on a chest and on a small table. Three stuffed clowns and a small doll lay on the worn spread on the double bed in the corner. Both the small doll and the larger one had white complexions, a reminder of the world outside.

We're tired of all this beatin', we're tired of takin' this. It's been a hundred years and we're still being beaten and shot at, crosses are still being burned, because we want to vote. But I'm goin' to stay in Mississippi and if they shoot me down, I'll be buried here.

But I don't want equal rights with the white man; if I did, I'd be a thief and a murderer. But the white man is the scardest person on earth. Out in the daylight he don't do nothin'. But at night he'll toss a bomb or pay someone to kill. The white man's afraid he'll be treated like he's been treatin' Negroes, but I couldn't carry that much hate. It wouldn't solve any problem for me to hate whites just because they hate me. Oh, there's so much hate. Only God has kept the Negro sane.

As part of her voter-registration work, Mrs. Hamer has been teaching citizenship classes, working to overcome the bad schooling Delta Negroes have received, when they receive any at all. "We just have nice school buildings," she says. In Sunflower County there are three buildings for 11,000 Negroes of

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high school age, six buildings for 4,000 white high school students. In 1960-61, the county spent $150 per white pupil, $60 per Negro pupil. When applying to register, persons as part of the test must interpret the state constitution but, Mrs. Hamer says, "Mississippi don't teach it in school."

The Negro schools close in May, so that the children can help with the planting and chopping; they open again in July and August, only to close in September and October so that the children can pick cotton. Some stay out of school completely to work in the fields. Mississippi has no compulsory school-attendance law; it was abolished after the 1954 Supreme Court school-desegregation decision. Many Negro children do not attend school simply because they have no clothes to wear.

Mrs. Hamer has helped distribute clothing sent down from the North. "We owe a lot to people in the North," she admits. "A lot of people are wearing nice clothes for the first time. A lot of kids couldn't go to school otherwise."

One time when a shipment arrived for distribution, the Ruleville mayor took it upon himself to announce that a lot of clothes were being given out. More than 400 Negroes showed up and stood in line to receive clothes. Mrs. Hamer, combining human compassion and politicking, told them that the mayor had had nothing to do with the clothing distribution and that if they went and registered they wouldn't have to stand in line as they were doing. Many went down and took the registration test.

"A couple weeks ago when more clothes arrived," she relates, "the mayor said that people could go and get clothing, and that if they didn't get any they should just go and take them. I went and talked to the mayor. I told him not to boss us around. 'We don't try to boss you around,' I told him."

Obviously, Fannie Lou Hamer will not be easily stopped. "We mean to use every means to try and win. If I lose we have this freedom registration and freedom vote to see how many would have voted if there wasn't all this red tape and discrimination." If Mrs. Hamer is defeated by Jamie Whitten in the primary, she will also file as an independent in the general election.

Last fall, SNCC voter-registration workers attempted to register in freedom-registration books all those not officially registered. These Negroes then voted in an unofficial Freedom Vote campaign, choosing between Democrat Paul Johnson, now Governor, Republican Rubel Phillips, and independent Aaron Henry, state NAACP chairman. Henry received 70,000 votes.

The same thing will be done this summer, and if Mrs. Hamer loses, the Freedom Vote total will be used to challenge Whitten's election.

Backing up the discrimination charges are nine suits the federal government has pending in seven Second Congressional District counties, including a suit in Sunflower County where, in 1960, only 1.2 per cent of voting-age Negroes were registered.

A Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party is also being formed which will hold meetings on every level within the state, from precinct on up, finally choosing a delegation to the National Democratic Convention that will challenge the seating of the regular all-white Mississippi delegation.

In addition to Mrs. Hamer, three other Mississippi Negroes are running for national office in the 1964 elections. James Monroe Houston will challenge Robert Bell Williams in the Third Congressional District, the Rev. John E. Cameron faces William Meyers Colmer in the Fifth, and Mrs. Victoria Jackson Gray is campaigning for the Senate seat now held by John Stennis.

This extensive program provides a basis for Negroes organizing throughout the state, and gives a strong democratic base for the Freedom Democratic Party. The wide range of Negro participation will show that the problem in Mississippi is not Negro apathy, but discrimination and fear of physical and economic reprisals for attempting to register.

The Freedom Democratic candidates will also give Mississippians, white as well as Negro, a chance to vote for candidates who do not stand for political, social and economic exploitation and discrimination, and a chance to vote for the National Democratic ticket rather than the Mississippi slate of unpledged electors.

"We been waitin' all our lives," Mrs. Hamer exclaims, "and still gettin' killed, still gettin' hung, still gettin' beat to death. Now we're tired waitin'!"

Codes of Ethics

All Honorable Men . . . . . Louis W. Koenig

While there are no auguries yet to indicate a great new surge of public morality, it is clear that legislatures these days are grappling with their consciences. The Senate Rules Committee, stung by the revelations of the Bobby Baker inquiry, is now circulating among its members a stiff code of ethics prepared under the supervision of its chief counsel, Maj. Lennox P. McLendon. New York State has given the nation an example to follow in this year's report from the Special Committee on Ethics, appointed by the state legislature and headed by Cloyd Laporte, who is also chairman of the New York City Board of Ethics. The Laporte committee made tough-minded recommendations to shut down several lucrative but dubious preserves frequented by New York legislators. Unfortunately for the people of New York, but fortunately for legislators' pocketbooks, a new 1964 state law so bound the recommendations in legal fetters that Laporte was driven to declare that "the bill that was adopted does almost nothing to strengthen existing law."

In Virginia, a discussion of conflict-of-interest regulations was touched off by disclosures that four-

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teen legislators, Lt. Gov. Mills E. Godwin and other figures of the Byrd machine handle private legal work for the State Highway Department. The arrangement, its critics point out, helps the Democratic organization maintain absolute loyalty in a one-party state. Montgomery County, Maryland, has been unsettled by grand jury findings that "conflicts of interest exist in a very substantial manner" in the county government. In New Jersey, a bill setting up an ethics code (but without criminal penalties) for the state legislative and executive branches is now bogged down in interhouse dispute.

Persistent scandal in the 1950s and 1960s has kept the problem of government ethics steadily before the public. Mink coats and deep-freezes, among other things, marred Truman's administration. Eisenhower came to the White House pledged to keep government as "clean as a hound's tooth," and was bedeviled by the Sherman Adams-Bernard Goldfine association, the Dixon-Yates contract and other moral lapses. The Kennedy era had Billie Sol Estes, and the Johnson Administration has Bobby Baker. Governmental moral standards are higher than in the days of Grant's Whiskey Ring and Harding's Teapot Dome, but the continuity of scandal in recent administrations is none the less disturbing.

While laws dealing with government ethics have been made stronger, and the public's expectations concerning its servants' conduct have become higher, opportunities for wrongdoing have also multiplied. Government at all levels is undertaking more services and is letting out more contracts, subsidies and grants. Irregularity feeds upon fat expenditures; busier government means big government and big organization in any field fosters impersonal attitudes, fragments authority, and promotes irresponsibility — a state of affairs that depresses moral tone.

The American way of life, let us be candid, follows two standards: one is highly responsible in its warm concern for fellow man, the other coldly irresponsible in a single-minded devotion to personal gain. The public official, whether legislator or administrator, is a dispenser of rich beneficences, and therefore the object of the vast enterprise of pressure. Hundreds of millions of dollars are spent annually to win his favor; lobbyists concentrate upon him a great weaponry of enticements of varying force and subtlety. The resistance of public servants to such treats and favors varies so widely that some codification of conduct is essential.

The laws regulating government ethics now on the books are strongest in New York City and the federal government; they vary widely in the states and other cities. Characteristically they deal far more intimately with the executive

branch than with legislators and their aides. Legislators are loath to regulate themselves.

How might laws on official ethics best be strengthened and extended at all levels of government? One opinion expressed in public hearings is that we have enough regulations already on a subject that in any case can't be managed by law. "Mental honesty is what is needed," Robert Moses told the Laporte committee, "not a rigid moralistic code advocated by do-gooders or by politicians. . . ." And, before the same committee, Judge Harry Gittleson of the New York Civil Court, who served twenty-three years in the state legislature, declared: "I think a code of ethics is a perfectly useless piece of paper." According to this view, codes are a shabby pretense, rendered meaningless by the loopholes that legislators artfully contrive.

Another common retort to proposed ethical codes is a high-sounding statement of confidence in the "integrity" of legislators and administrators. Legislative and administrative leaders are much given to making these statements in behalf of their own organizations. The Speaker of the New York Assembly, facing a proposed ethical code that bristled alarmingly with teeth, urged the public "to have some faith in the leaders of government and also in leaders of industry." The view that legislators are adequately guided by their consciences is also asserted by reputable private authority. Dean Ralph E. Kharas of the Syracuse University College of Law, testifying before the Laporte committee, contended that the ethical question is "best left where it is—as a problem of the delicate application of a man's sense of conscience. . . ." If some legislators' consciences prove uncommonly elastic, Dean Kharas prefers to find the remedy in their constituencies or in the "condemnation" of their fellow legislators.

Codes of real substance are often objected to as being excessively harsh. When New York State briefly proposed that lawyer-legislators be barred from representing private clients before state agencies, throngs of legislators rushed to testify against what to them was an impossible prohibition. Lawyers make up nearly two-thirds of the legislature's membership, and the practices of many specialize in representing clients before agencies like the State Liquor Authority, the State Insurance Department and the State Banking Department. Legislator-lawyers of small upstate towns, especially, objected that such a rule would compel them either to quit the law or leave the legislature.

None of these arguments against a meaningful ethical code will hold up. The contention that morality cannot be legislated is a nonsensical cliché. Any civilized society constantly legislates morality, its criminal code being the most conspicuous example. As in other spheres society prohibits conduct that is intolerable, so it can forbid official behavior which it deems unacceptable. It sounds very well to say that legislators and their aides should let their consciences be their guide, but when a New York State Senator defends his seven-day trip to the Bahamas as the guest of an association of savings bankers by declaring: "I was the principal speaker to the bankers' convention aboard

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ship, and as such I felt I could rightfully accept overnight hospitality—I would do it again," it is clear that the individual conscience is a highly imperfect guide. And the fact that in New York State twenty-five legislators are representing before the state Court of Claims 170 clients who are suing the state for $15.1 million demonstrates that, conscience aside, common practice leads legislators into equivocal situations. Ten of the senators involved sit on legislative committees which have the power to grant or deny salary increases to Court of Claims judges, pass on the court's appropriations, and examine the court's operation.

If it be said that to regulate legislators is to impugn their integrity, it must be admitted that members of other highly regarded callings suffer the same humiliation. Doctors, bankers, lawyers are all in one way or another subject to regulation by law. In addition, the professions regulate themselves by their own thoroughgoing codes. In a sense, we are asking legislators to regard themselves as a profession, and to regulate their conduct after the example of other professions. As for the small-town lawyer-legislator who fears that an ethical code of substance may drive him to give up his legislative seat and return to private practice, the solution may lie in a rise in legislative salaries. These should be increased to the point where service in the legislature is considered a full-time occupation. Surely the responsibilities of the states nowadays justify such a view. For state legislatures where salaries are computed on a part-time basis we need, therefore, to take two steps: stiffen public ethical standards and raise salaries to the level of a full-time professional occupation.

Our most urgent need is a code regulating legislators, national, state and local, and those administrative bodies which enjoy a good deal of independence from the Chief Executive—the so-called independent regulatory commissions. Codes should seek to clarify situations where the application of moral principles is unclear or misunderstood. In that process, they should elevate the general conduct of the legislative or administrative group and notify newcomers and the public of what is expected of the group. More specifically, the following considerations seem essential to any code that pretends to respond to the needs of the times:

Disqualification. The public servant who has a substantial personal interest at stake in the outcome of a question or issue should be disqualified from participating in such conflict-of-interest situations. Members of Congress are barred from appearing in cases before administrative agencies. The Laporte committee recommends that New York legislators and legislative employees be prohibited from appearing or practicing before most state agencies for compensation. New York City forbids its councilmen to appear as counsel or to give evidence against the city's interests in any litigation to which the city or its agencies are a party. Disqualification is an automatic, foolproof way of avoiding trouble.

Disclosure. The annual disclosure of all income, assets and transactions in the securities and commodity markets has often been urged for all legislators and those in high administrative position. The United States Senate Rules Committee is pondering a possible requirement that Senators and their aides publicly disclose their "financial interests." The Laporte study proposed

Washington Post

"Senator, It Is As If Allen Drury and John O'Hara Collaborated on a Novel."

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to tighten the existing New York State Public Officers Law by dropping the present $10,000 minimum interest requiring disclosure and by calling for an annual filing of information. Other studies advocate disclosure of any business entity in which the legislator or member of his immediate family has an interest exceeding $5,000, or 20 per cent of the equity, or is a partner, employee, director or officer, or for which he or his firm acts as attorney, agent or broker. An even tougher regulation would require legislators who are lawyers to divest themselves of partnerships or other fiduciary interest in law firms representing clients before government agencies.

Delay. An effective lever to make legislators and administrators responsive in their public careers to private organizations is the hope of securing future lucrative employment with such organizations. Federal employees are barred for one year after leaving their public job from appearing as attorney or agent before any court or agency upon any matter in which the employee is interested and which was under his official responsibility. Delay, in effect, establishes a waiting period that helps to prevent influence-peddling and improper pressure upon government employees who decide individual cases. The present federal law would be that much more effective if the ban were increased to two years. Similar restrictions should be placed upon legislators who seek employment with special interests of which they have been protagonists.

Gifts. Gifts and favors are infinitely flexible and powerful weapons of subtle influence. Senator Paul Douglas wisely refuses to accept any gift worth more than $2.50. A regulation issued at President Kennedy's direction bars a federal employee from accepting gifts from anyone whose interests may be "substantially affected" by the employee's performance of his duties. A 1962 expansion of the federal bribery laws makes it unlawful to offer or promise anything of value to a federal legislator or executive official to obtain desired action. Intent must be proved. The bribe giver and taker are both liable to punishment. The Laporte committee proposed to prohibit legislative members and employees from soliciting or accepting gifts of "substantial value," including loans, travel, entertainment and hospitality when it could be "reasonably inferred" that the gifts were expected to influence official action.

Any of these formulas allow for "normal hospitality" and the social amenities, and would therefore permit gifts necessitated by kinship or other personal, business or professional relationships, independent of the official status of the recipient. They also would permit "trivial" benefits whose outer limits are tightly, but not unwisely, suggested by Senator Douglas.

Improper Communications. A persistent bane of regulatory agencies at all levels of government is the unauthorized contact in cases pending before the regulatory agencies, and "under-the-table" participation in cases by "influence-peddlers." Elementary fair play requires that decisions be rendered solely on the basis of evidence and arguments openly presented by the parties. For this ideal kind of situation to exist, all unauthorized contacts with the agency must be prohibited whether by member of Congress, or the White House, or private source. The problem is difficult and any meaningful solution must be drastic. One approach would bar any legislator or legislative employee from engaging in any activity related to his duties or employing information secured from his office for monetary gain for himself or his family. Another approach calls for amendment of the federal Administrative Procedure Act to require that any communication, written or oral, passing between a member of Congress or his staff and an executive department or agency be part of the public record.

Codes of ethics are more effective if provision is made for a committee, commission or court to interpret their provisions and to watch over their observance. The Laporte committee proposed a state ethics commission, appointed partly by the governor and partly by the legislature, to render advisory opinions upon request. It could be expected that such a commission would develop in time a significant body of case-by-case precedents. Congressman Abner W. Sibal, distressed by the revelations mounting in the Bobby Baker case, has proposed the creation of a joint committee on Congressional ethics composed of members of the majority and minority parties of both houses, with strong powers to investigate and report.

Another approach is the court of ethics, established to hear, investigate and report upon complaints of improper practices of public officials, whether administrative, legislative or judicial. The court would be available to a private individual who might believe that some matter of conduct had been an abuse of office, though not strictly "illegal." The court would also operate upon the assumption that litigation in the regular courts is expensive, laborious and of limited scope. An ethics court's jurisdiction would need to be carefully defined to avoid overlapping with the regular courts and to forestall an innundation of personal grievances. The mere existence of such a court could do much to deter wrongdoing and strengthen self-discipline.

In New York City, a successful device is the City Board of Ethics, instituted by Mayor Wagner, which checks all higher-level city appointees for possible conflicts of interest. It seeks to insure that a prospective appointee's private interests, especially his financial activities, will not conflict with his future official duties. In four years, the board, with Cloyd Laporte as chairman, has dealt with about 700 conflict-of-interest cases, in 500 of which issues were raised; sixty cases were important enough to result in published opinions.

The struggle for ethical standards has come to the fore at this time because of government's changing functions and relationships with the private sector, and because of the public's rising expectations concerning the quality of official conduct. The principal weakness of the movement is the limited support given it by liberal, racial and economic groups who have a natural interest in better government. These groups and other citizens concerned for their government should realize that although innate integrity is certainly a basic criterion for public office the complexity of relationships in government today almost necessitates an objective standard. Gross dishonesty is less the problem than the steady erosion of ethics by pressure and habit; for this, a clear, comprehensive and potent code is the only sufficient preventive.

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The Day the Ads Stopped . . . George G. Kirstein

The day the advertising stopped began just like any other day — the sun came up, the milk was delivered and people started for work. I noticed the first difference when I went out on the porch to pick up *The New York Times*. The newsdealer had advised me that the paper would now cost 50c a day so I was prepared for the new price beneath the weather forecast, but the paper was thinner than a Saturday edition in summer. I hefted it thoughtfully, and reflected that there really was no alternative to taking the *Times*. The *News* had suspended publication the day before the advertising stopped with a final gallant editorial blast at the Supreme Court which had declared the advertising prohibition constitutional. The *Herald Tribune* was continuing to publish, also at 50c, but almost no one was taking both papers and I preferred the *Times*.

As I glanced past the big headlines chronicling the foreign news, my eye was caught by a smaller bank:

1 KILLED, 1 INJURED IN
ELEVATOR ACCIDENT AT MACY'S.

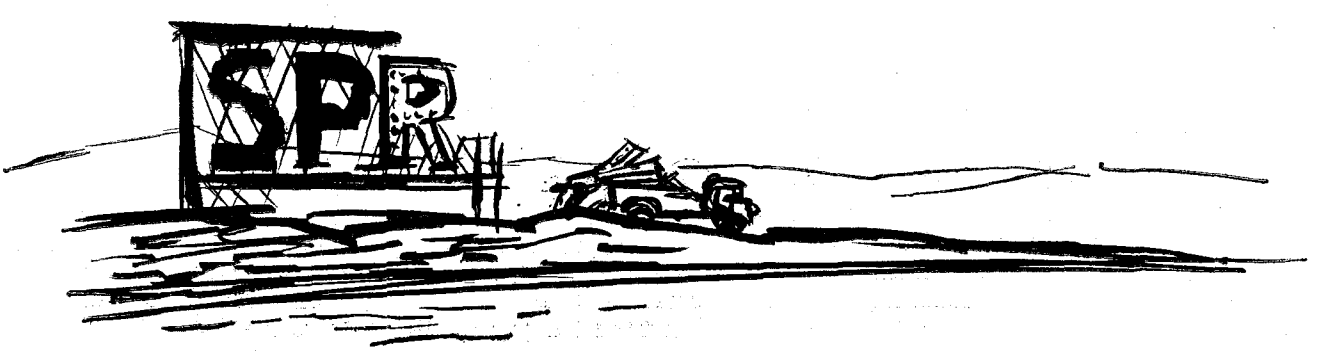
The story was rather routine; a child had somehow gotten into the elevator pit and his mother had tried to rescue him. The elevator had descended, killing the woman, but fortunately had stopped before crushing the child. It was not so much the story as its locale that drew my attention. I realized that this was the first time in a full, rich life that I had ever read a newspaper account of an accident in a department store. I had suspected that these misfortunes befell stores, as they do all business institutions, but this was my first confirmation.

There were other noticeable changes in the *Times*. Accounts of traffic accidents now actually gave the manufacturers' names of the vehicles involved as, "A Cadillac driven by Harvey Gilmore demolished a Volkswagen operated by . . . ." The feature column on "Advertising" which used to tell what agencies had lost what accounts and what assistant vice president had been elevated was missing. As a matter of fact, the whole newspaper, but particularly the Financial Section, exhibited a dearth of "news" stories which could not possibly interest anyone but the persons mentioned. Apparently, without major expenditures for advertising, the promotion of Gimbels' stocking buyer to assistant merchandise manager was not quite as "newsworthy" as it had been only yesterday. Movies and plays were listed in their familiar spot, as were descriptions of available apartments in what used to be the classified section. The women's page was largely a catalogue of special offerings in department and food stores, but no comparative prices were given and all adjectives were omitted. One could no longer discover from reading the *Times*, or any other paper, who had been named Miss National Car Care Queen or who had won the Miss Rheingold contest.

Driving to work, I observed workmen removing the billboards. The grass and trees behind the wall of signs were beginning to reappear. The ragged posters were being ripped from their familiar locations on the walls of warehouses and stores, and the natural ugliness of these structures was once more apparent without the augmenting tawdriness of last year's political posters or last week's neighborhood movie schedules.

I turned on the car radio to the subscription FM station to which I had sent my $10 dues. The music came over the air without interruption, and after awhile a news announcer gave an uninterrupted version of current events and the weather outlook. No one yet knew which radio stations would be able to continue broadcasting. It depended on the loyalty with which their listeners continued to send in their subscription dues. However, their prospects were better than fair, for everyone realized that, since all merchandise which had previously been advertised would cost considerably less on the store counter, people would have funds available to pay for the news they read or the music or other programs they listened to. The absence of the familiar commercials, the jingles, the songs and the endless repetition of the nonsense which had routinely offended our ears led me to consider some of these savings. My wife's lipsticks would now cost half as much as previously; the famous brand soaps were selling at 25 per cent below yesterday's prices; razor blades were 10 per cent cheaper; and other appliances and merchandise which had previously been nationally advertised were reduced by an average of 5 per cent. The hallowed myth that retail prices did not reflect the additional cost of huge advertising campaigns was exploded once and for all. Certainly these savings should add up to enough for me to pay for what I listened to on my favorite radio station or read in the newspaper of my choice.

After parking my car, I passed the familiar newsstand between the garage and the office. "*Life* $1," the printed sign said. "*Time* and *Newsweek*, 75c." Next to these announcements was a crayon-scrawled message! "*Consumer Reports* sold out. Bigger shipment next week." I stopped to chat with the newsie. "The mags like *Consumer Reports* that tell the truth about



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products are selling like crazy," he told me. "*Reader's Digest* is running a merchandise analysis section next month." I asked about the weekly journals of opinion. He said, "Well now they are half the price of the news magazines—*The Nation* and *The New Republic* prices have not gone up, you know, but I don't think that will help them much. After all, a lot of magazines are going to begin printing that exposé-type stuff. Besides, people are buying books now. Look!" He pointed across the street to the paperback bookstore where a crowd was milling around as though a fire sale were in progress.

I walked over to the bookstore and found no special event going on. But books represented much better value than magazines or newspapers, now that the latter were no longer subsidized by advertisements, and the public was snapping up the volumes.

Sitting in my office, I reviewed the events and the extraordinary political coalition that had been responsible for passing the advertising prohibition law through Congress by a close margin. The women, of course, had been the spearhead of the drive. Not since the Anti-Saloon-League days and the militant woman-suffrage movement at the beginning of the century had women organized so militantly or expended energy more tirelessly in pursuit of their objective. Their slogans were geared to two main themes which reflected their major grievances. The first slogan, "Stop making our kids killers," was geared mainly to the anti-television campaign. The sadism, killing and assorted violence which filled the TV screens over all channels from early morning to late at night had finally so outraged mothers' groups, PTAs and other organizations concerned with the country's youth that a massive parents' movement was mobilized.

The thrust of the women's drive was embodied in their effective two-word motto, "Stop lying." Women's organizations all over the country established committees to study all advertisements. For the first time in history, these common messages were analyzed in detail. The results were published in anti-advertising advertisements, by chain letter and by mouth. The results were devastating. No dog-food manufacturer could claim that pets loved his product without having the women demand, "How in the name of truth do you know? Did you interview the dogs?" No shampoo or cosmetic preparation could use the customary blandishments without having the women produce some witch who had used the particular product and who had lost her hair, developed acne or had her fingernails curl back.

Women led the attack, but the intellectuals soon joined them, and the clergy followed a little later. The intellectuals based their campaign largely on the argument that the English language was losing its usefulness, that word meanings were being so corrupted that it was almost impossible to teach youth to read to any purpose. One example commonly cited was the debasement of the superlative "greatest." The word had come to mean anything that didn't break down; viz., "the greatest lawn mower ever," interpreted realistically, was an instrument that, with luck, would cut grass for one summer. The clergy's campaign was geared simply to the proposition that it was impossible to teach people the virtues of truth when half-truths and lies were the commonly accepted fare of readers and viewers alike.

Opposition to the anti-advertising law was impressive, and at the beginning it looked as if all the big guns were arrayed against the women. Spokesmen for big business contended throughout the campaign that elimination of advertising meant elimination of jobs. The fallacy of this argument was soon exposed when all realized that it was not men's jobs but simply machine running time that was involved. By this decade of the century, the cybernetic revolution had developed to a point where very few men were involved in any of the production or distribution processes. No one could feel much sympathy for the poor machines and their companion computers because they would be running only four hours daily instead of six.

Some merchants tried to blunt the "stop lying" slogan by telling the absolute truth. One San Francisco store advertised:

> *2,000 overcoats — only $12. Let's face it — our buyer goofed! These coats are dogs or you couldn't possibly buy them at this price. We're losing our shirt on this sale and the buyer has been fired. But, at least, many of these coats will keep you warm.*

The trouble with this technique was that it backfired in favor of the women. The few true ads, by contrast, drew attention to the vast volume of exaggeration, misrepresentation and outright lies that were printed as usual. The advertising industry published thirteen different editions of its "Advertisers Code" in the years preceding the law's passage, but few could detect any difference from the days when no code at all existed.

The press, of course, was the strongest opponent and loudest voice against the advertising prohibition. Its argument was largely legalistic, based on the First Amendment to the Constitution, for the publishers had decided at the outset of their defense not to emphasize the fact that if advertising stopped, readers would actually have to pay for what they read, rather than have America's largest corporations pay for the education and edification of the public. However, the words "Free Press" came to have a double meaning — both an unhampered press and a press that charged only a nominal fee for the publications.

The constitutional argument was really resolved in that final speech on the floor of the Senate before a gallery-packed audience, by Senator Thorndike of Idaho. His memorable ovation, certainly among the greatest in the Senate's distinguished history, concluded:

> *And so, Mr. President, the opponents of this measure* [the advertising prohibition] *claim that the founders of this republic, our glorious forefathers, in their august wisdom, forbade the Congress to interfere with the freedom of the press to conduct itself in any way it found profitable. But I say to you, that the framers of our Constitution intended to protect the public by permitting the press, without fear or favor, to examine all of the institutions of our democracy. Our forefathers planned a press free to criticize, free to analyze, free to dissent. They did not plan a subsidized press, a conformist press, a prostitute press.*

The applause was thunderous and the bill squeaked through the Senate by four votes. Three years later, the Supreme Court upheld Senator Thorndike's interpretation. That was two days ago, and today the advertising stopped.

All morning I worked in the office,

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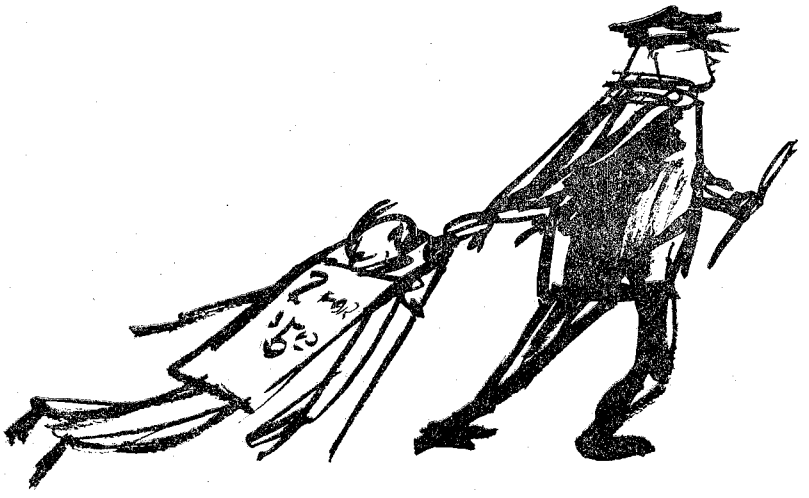

and just before noon I went uptown for lunch. The subway cars were as drab as ever and seemed a little less bright because of the absence of the familiar posters. However, in one car the Camera Club of the Technical Trades High School had "hung" a show of New York City photographs chosen from student submissions. In another car, the posters on one side carried Session I of a course in Spanish for English-speaking riders, while the opposite side featured the same course in English for those speaking Spanish. This program was sponsored by the Board of Education which had subcontracted the administration of it to the Berlitz School. A poster in both languages in the middle of the car explained that the lessons would proceed on a weekly basis and that by sending $1 to the Board of Education, review sheets and periodic tests would be available upon request.

On Madison Avenue, the shopping crowds were milling around as usual, but there was a noticeable absence of preoccupied and hatless young men hurrying along the street. The retirement plan that the advertising industry had worked out through the insurance companies was fairly generous, and the majority of key personnel that had been laid off when the agencies closed were relieved not to have to make the long trek from Westport or the nearer suburbs each day. Some of the copywriters who had been talking about it since their youth were now really going to write that novel.

Others had set up shop as public relations counselors, but the outlook for their craft was not bright. Without the club of advertising, city editors looked over mimeographed press releases with a new distaste, and it is even rumored that on some newspapers the orders had come down to throw out all such "handouts" without exception. On the magzines, the old struggle between the editorial staff and the advertising sales staff for dominance had finally been resolved by the elimination of the latter. There were even some skeptics who believed that public relations counseling would become a lost art, like hand basket weaving. So most former advertising copywriters planned to potter about in their gardens, cure their ulcers and give up drinking. They were not so many. It was a surprise to most people to learn that the advertising industry, which had had such a profound effect on the country's habits and moral attitudes, directly employed fewer than 100,000 people.

Outside 383 Madison Avenue, moving vans were unloading scientific equipment and laboratory accessories into the space vacated by Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn. The ethical drug industry had evolved a plan, in the three-year interim between the passage of the advertising prohibition and the Supreme Court's validation of it, to test all new drugs at a central impartial laboratory. Computers and other of the latest information-gathering machinery were massed in the space vacated by this large advertising agency to correlate the results of drug tests which were being conducted in hospitals, clinics, laboratories and doctors' offices throughout the world.

The Ford Foundation had given one of its richest grants, nearly three-quarters of a billion dollars, to the establishment of this Central Testing Bureau. The American Medical Association had finally agreed, under considerable public pressure, to take primary responsibility for its administration. It was pointed out to the doctors that when the drug companies could no longer make their individual claims through advertisements in the AMA bulletin or the medical society publications, a new and more reliable method of disseminating information would be required. At the outset, the AMA had joined the drug companies in fighting bitterly against the prohibition, but the doctors now took considerable pride in their centralized research and correlation facilities. The AMA bulletin, once swollen to the bulk of a small city's telephone directory, was now only as thick as a summer issue of *Newsweek*. Doctors no longer would find their mail boxes stuffed with throw-away material and sample pills; but they would receive the weekly scientific report from Central Testing Bureau as to the efficacy of and experience with all new preparations.

Late in the afternoon, I began to hear the first complaints about the way the new law worked. One of the men came in and picked up a folder of paper matches lying on my desk. "I'm swiping these; they're not giving them out any more, you know." Someone else who had been watching TV said that the two channels assigned to the government under a setup like that of the B.B.C., were boring. One channel showed the ball game, but the other had been limited to a short session of the Senate debating the farm bill, and a one-hour view of the UN Security Council taking up the latest African crisis. My informant told me the Yanks had won 8 to 0, and the Senate and the UN weren't worth watching. I reminded him that when the channel that was to be supervised by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences got on the air, as well as the one to be managed by a committee of the local universities, things might improve. "Cheer up," I told him, "At least it's better than the Westerns and the hair rinses."

Oh, there were some complaints, all right, and I suppose there were some unhappy people. But personally I thought the day the advertising stopped was the best day America had had since the last war ended.

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Last Rites for a Fat Cat

THE DEATH OF ARTEMIO CRUZ. By Carlos Fuentes. Farrar, Straus & Co. 306 pp. $4.95.

Helen R. Lane

I believe that it was the painter José Cuevas who first spoke of the "cactus curtain": that narrow socio-historic parochialism that would restrict Mexican arts and letters to one period, the revolutionary years 1910-17, and to one subject, local color. Fiction in particular has suffered from these restrictions.

In all of his novels Carlos Fuentes has sought to widen this framework, and has in effect totally transfigured it. For almost the first time in Mexican letters since Azuela's classic of the revolution, *Los de Abajo (The Underdogs)*, he has written novels which are both "universal" and Mexican. He is as concerned with the Mexico of today as with the Mexico of the past, and has absorbed several fictional styles first cultivated abroad. In this respect Fuentes' search for a new image of Mexico parallels that of recent Mexican painting.

Both of his novels previously published in English—*Where the Air Is Clear*, in 1960, and *The Good Conscience* a year later—have been epic in scope, marked with a special sense of place, and above all a sense of lived history. *Where the Air Is Clear* is both a portrait of contemporary Mexico and a *memento mori* of tragic beauty, voicing the protest of a people who have been cruelly bled for centuries. Laid in modern Mexico City, a time and place that have not often been portrayed in Mexican fiction, Fuentes cuts rapidly back and forth, like the Dos Passos of *U.S.A.*, between characters drawn from every milieu of the huge city. The thin narrative line is rather vaguely focused on the sudden reversal of fortune in the life of Federico Robles, a former revolutionary, now one of the city's political and financial bosses. The novel is largely taken up with Robles as reflected in the lives of others, with each character revealing in some way Mexico's loss of purpose since the revolution. Though deeply concerned with politics, it is far more than an ideological novel, for Fuentes' first concern is the human roots of anguish, of wounds still throbbing from the years of bloodletting during which the old order was overturned only to be replaced by the domination of a corrupt middle class.

This new class is the central concern of Fuentes' next novel, *The Good Conscience*. The time is again the Mexico of a few years ago, the scene this time the narrow, puritanical, provincial capital of Guanajuato, another setting that has never before been treated in Mexican fiction. Primarily a probing into the present and past lives of the characters through cinematic flash-backs, the novel is both a Balzacian exposé of the provincial mentality and a dynastic novel, covering as it does the generations of grandfather, father and son. Founded by a modest dry-goods merchant, the Ceballos line has extended itself through marriages of convenience, strategic politicking and crooked financial deals, clinging to money and religion through the long years of revolution. Midway through this rather heavy-handed exposition, *The Good Conscience* suddenly becomes a somber, intense portrait of Mexican adolescence: the young son torn between the self-seeking compromises of his family's pharisaical world and the idealism of his Christ-oriented Catholic upbringing. Violating family strictures, sneaking talks with a radical friend, Jaime attempts an imitation of Christ only to fall back into mawkish self-pity, his revolt seen reduced to empty Christian and Marxist slogans. Jaime's "good conscience" in the end is as hypocritical, as smugly religious as that of his family.

With his new novel, *The Death of Artemio Cruz*, Fuentes has tightened his narrative line and made his meaning unmistakable. His purpose is to show, through the story of one man, how the ruling class of present-day Mexico has been shaped in the crucible years from the beginning of the century to the present.

On a spring day in 1959, Artemio Cruz lies stricken by a sudden gastric attack in his house in Mexico City's fashionable Lomas district. Artemio is a fat cat, with a paw in every political and financial pie in the country. On his office wall, a map shows *the mines in Hidalgo, the timber concessions in Tarahumara. The chain of hotels, the pipe foundry, the fish business . . . the directorships of banking houses, the foreign stocks — dyes steel and detergents: and one little item that does not appear on the wall map: fifteen million dollars deposited in banks in Zurich, London and New York.*

At his bedside now, a priest is heard administering the last rites of a Church that Artemio learned to detest during the revolution. The Latin mumbling alternates with a tape recording brought from Artemio's office by his secretary, and with the voices of his wife and daughter, frantic to know where the will is hidden.

But this book is his real last testament. Artemio's life emerges in a *Citizen Kane* mosaic of jumbled flash-backs ranging from 1889 to 1959: Artemio in old age at Acapulco with a young doxie he has bought for the weekend, overhearing the two of them referred to in the hotel locker room as "Beauty and the Beast": many years younger, deeply in love with a young girl who follows him and the revolutionary army from one night's camp to another; giving one of his famous New Year's parties ("where all the food, prepared with meticulous care, ends vomited in a toilet"), so old now that his guests refer to him behind his back as "the mummy of Coyoacán"; in the late twenties, buying his first election as a deputy; a young cavalry captain watching the revolution sour, no longer a crusade in the name of the poor but a factional dogfight, in which he made the first of a long series of "right" choices. At the very end of the book comes the beginning of it all: the illegitimate, orphan, half-breed boy, crossing for the first time the mountains of the little valley where he was born,

Carlos Fuentes has, on two occasions since 1962, been denied a visa to accept American television and lecture invitations. According to his publisher, the reason for these denials has not been explained. On the publication of *The Death of Artemio Cruz*, Mr. Fuentes was granted a visa for a week beginning May 18; however, he was required to remain in the New York area.

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discovering for the first time the world's immensity, about to meet the young schoolmaster who tells him of the whirlwind changes to come.

Artemio's story of rape and rapine, greed and lust, brutal infighting and clever string-pulling, is an uncannily accurate view of the robber barons of Mexico: so faithful, indeed, that one wonders how many real-life Artemios thought of suing Fuentes for libel. Fuentes can also turn the trick of enumerated detail into sudden revelation; here is Artemio in Acapulco, waiting for his weekend girl to come back from water-skiing with an athletic young man:

He closed the window to keep her smell from escaping. He drank in that aroma of recently sprayed perfume, perspiration, wet towels, make-up. But those things, those smells had other names. The pillow, still pressed down, was garden, fruit, moist earth, the sea. . . . He snapped on the light. Hot water. Shirt over the toilet. He looked at their things: toothpaste, mentholated shaving cream, tortoise shell combs, cold cream, a tube of aspirin tablets, antacid wafers, tampons, lavender water, blue razor blades, brilliantine, rouge, pills to be used for stomach spasms, yellow mouthwash, condoms, Milk of Magnesia, band-aids, iodine, shampoo, tweezers, manicure scissors, lipstick, eye drops, eucalyptus oil inhalator, cough syrup, deodorant. . . . He lifted the razor to his lips, and involuntarily closed his eyes. When he opened them, an old man with sunken eyes, gray cheeks, and withered mouth, an old man who was not his other self, the reflection he had made familiar, grimaced at him from the mirror.

For these evocations of the past, Fuentes uses the third person. There are two other voices, for the present and the future respectively. Artemio speaks as "I" of the pain in physical dying:

. . . the contractions ascend, I imagine them like rings on a snake, they rise to my chest, to my throat, and fill my tongue and my mouth with the bitter ground paste of some meal I have forgotten and that I vomit now, face down, looking in vain for a basin instead of the carpet splotched by the thick stinking liquid from my stomach . . . it goes on, it doesn't stop . . . those farts that rise to my throat and go back into my guts and I still can't get them out: but I can taste and smell my own fetid breath, now that I manage to lie back. . . . I smell the soapy water, the wet rag that tries to defeat the stink of vomit. . . .

Sometimes the "I" becomes an inner requisitory addressed to his self-seeking wife and daughter:

Hah! imagine yourselves, both of you, stripped of my pride, you hypocrites, lost in the multitude with your feet tired and swollen, forever waiting on corners to catch buses, working in a shop or an office . . . sitting in a cheap neighborhood movie every Saturday eating peanuts and popcorn . . . having to be proud of serapes and Cantinflas and mariachis and mole poblano. . . . *Imagine yourselves having to depend in all reality on the munificent Church, upon fasts and pilgrimages, upon prayer in order to remain alive!*

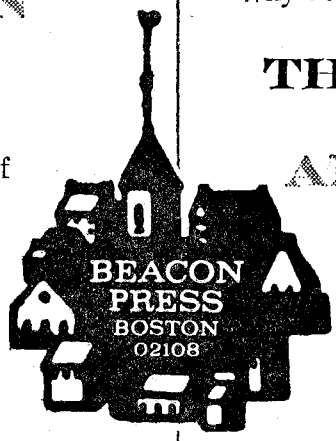
sometimes a passionate bill of particulars drawn up against a God who lets men die and their memories die with them. Word patterns often become a flow of hot lava: baroque, sensual, overwhelming.

Most striking of all Artemio's voices is the "you" that addresses him in the name of the future, an ironic Greek chorus admonishing, warning, calling him back to the real sense of that which he must live once more before he dies. Now Artemio is no

"IF YOU WANT
TO ENLIST A BYSTANDER
IN THE WAR AGAINST POVERTY
GIVE HIM THIS BOOK"
— Senator Abraham Ribicoff,
Washington Post

IN THE MIDST OF PLENTY
THE POOR IN AMERICA

Here for the first time is a view from the bottom — a view of the lonely lives of the poor in America.
BY BEN H. BAGDIKIAN
$4.50



WHO
ARE THE MEMBERS OF
THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY?
Why do they join? How are they organized?
What do they fear?

THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY
ANATOMY OF A PROTEST

BY J. ALLEN BROYLES
$4.50

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longer a despicable *coyote* but a man like all of us, doomed to pass from *la nada vida a la nada muerte*. With this litany-like voice, Fuentes' eclectic style—and Artemio's life—are heightened to poetry; rhetoric is anguish fully displayed, with almost Aztec ritual. Here is Artemio, a Mexican in every fold and corner of himself, honoring for one last time the names of this land that he has raped:

Remember this country? You remember it. . . . You will carry with you the red deserts, the hills of prickly pear, the world of dry cactus, the lava belt of frozen craters . . . the headdresses of plumes, the delicate-boned men of Michoacan, the squat bodies of the men of Tlaxcala, Sinaloa's light eyes, white braids, Tzotzil belts, Santa María rebozos, Puebla marquetry, Jalisco glass, Oaxaca jade, the ruins of the serpent, of the black head, the great nose . . . you will carry these with you and they are leaden, they are stone heavy for one man: they have never moved and you have them bound to your neck; they weigh you down, they have entered your guts, they are your bacilli, your parasites, your amoebas.

At the very end of this damning book, Fuentes lifts us to compassion for the end of life. The mural of Artemio's being, so full of contradictions—cowardice and courage, idealism and treachery, cruelty and tenderness—is complete. The power in him is the power of history itself. How striking, today, to see a portrait in depth of a man of action, with relation to others that are Biblical in their intensity. And a pity to see that Fuentes has not overcome certain faults as a writer: the use of gimmicks, this time the scrambled narrative line which sometimes seems like unnecessary card shuffling, and the recurring reliance on a decorative surface.

Critics able to read Fuentes only in English find Sam Hileman's translations of his novels smooth-flowing and self-effacing, but those who can make comparisons with the original often complain that Hileman is too free. Given the vast scope and Mexican savor of *La muerte de Artemio Cruz*, he has obviously labored long and lovingly on this new translation. One can only regret that, although he avoids translatese, he so often solves problems of language and diction by mistranslations and inaccuracies. The dialogue in particular suffers from his inability to approximate the original closely: a vague "beat" quality does not capture the nuanced, individualistic tempo of Mexican voices.

Perhaps Hileman's technique reflects an effort to bridge the long-standing gap between American readers and Latin American literature. And perhaps it will be through Carlos Fuentes, regarded in Mexico as that country's finest contemporary novelist, that the gap can be narrowed.

Helen R. Lane is a New York editor and translator, now completing a study of Jean-Paul Sartre's novels.

Who's Who at the Lost & Found

A MOVEABLE FEAST. By Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons. 211 pp. $4.95.

Nelson Algren

The vital difference between this youthful American in love with his wife, his writing, food, wine and racehorses, was that the others had arrived at the Moveable Feast directly from a picnic in Kansas City or St. Paul, but he had come to his place by way of death.

Paris to the Fitzgeralds was only a farther place on a meadow of endless sun. But Hemingway had so narrowly missed having no place at all—"I'd felt my life flutter like a handkerchief in the wind"—that he knew how swiftly all good days are taken away. Hemingway was a young man learning how to sleep again.

But his hold on life having once been loosened, it now became all the more tenacious for that. The tension that began to pervade his writing derived from this tenaciousness, and lent him a perspective larger than that indicated by a phrase like "lost generation." When Gertrude Stein tried to pin it on him he rejected the label.

A French garage owner, impatient with a young mechanic who was goofing on Miss Stein's car, reproached him: "You are all a lost generation." Whereupon Miss Stein turned her irritation onto the nearest American —"All you young people who served in the war are a lost generation, you drink yourselves to death"—who happened to be Hemingway.

"Don't argue with me, Hemingway," she added firmly, "it does no good at all. You're all a lost generation exactly as the garage keeper said."

She wasn't prophesying the destiny of a generation; she was merely expressing the irritation of a car owner who finds the car isn't ready.

And Hemingway, having disputed her reluctantly and still feeling salty, walking home alone and catching a view of a heroic statue of Marshal Ney, turned his own irritation on the Marshal. "What a fiasco you made of Waterloo!" Who was calling who lost? "All generations were lost by something and always had been and always would be—the hell with her lost generation and all the dirty, easy labels."

Hemingway wasn't lost. He would have been an expatriate even if he had never left Oak Park. His exile, like Villon's, was not from a land, but from the living. His need was not for a country, but for the company of men. Spiritually, therefore, he was closer to Villon than to Scott Fitzgerald. And, for a fact, Villon understood Hemingway better than have any of the critics:

In my own country I am in a
far-off land
I am strong but have no force
nor power
Well-received, rebuffed by all
I win all yet remain a loser
At break of day I say goodnight
When I lie down I have great
fear of falling.

If we consider that Hemingway, like Villon, was forging a style not out of literature, but out of his need, we see not only what style is, but what Hemingway was.

The man and the style were one: the style was the instrument by which his need was realized; and the need was for light and simplicity. Thus, in achieving this for himself, he touched multitudes enduring a murky complexity.

A critic who can discover that Hemingway was nothing more than an innovator is scratching in the wrong barnyard. Dependence upon the catch phrase "lost generation," in lieu of insight into a writer's work, is of no use at all. One must distinguish between a man who represents his time, like John Dos Passos, and one who, like Hemingway, made his time represent him.

Multitudes saw the Spanish Civil War by Hemingway's light, because the light was true. When we con-

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sider how many novels have been turned out in imitation of him as a writer, we can only surmise how many Americans have tried to *be* Hemingway, because the image felt true. This was the image of the man or woman who felt that to become aware of life's precariousness was to become more alive. He caused the complacent man, standing content in his own well-lit door, suddenly to sense the precipitous edge where life drops off into utter dark. The woman counting her hours slowly dragging down, was troubled by the death of Catherine Barkley: lest no tragic hour ever strike for her.

Hemingway's own tragedy was that the light didn't hold. The present reminiscence is pleasant, humorous — and evasive. "For reasons sufficient to the writer," he advises the reader, "many places, people, observations and impressions have been left out of this book . . . there is always the chance that such a book of fiction may throw some light on what has been written as fact."

The light he throws here is upon others. It is the harsh light of exposure: he reserves a soft, blurring glow for himself. Reporting a dialogue between two raving dikes, overheard accidentally thirty-five years before, is a bit the book could have done without. He might have let the poor brutes be. But the spotlight is useful when he recalls Fitzgerald's relationship to Zelda, because it reveals the fashion in which Fitzgerald was cut down. It does not have that justification with Gertrude Stein.

Fitzgerald appears to have been a sorry stiff, too disturbed about his wife's threat that "you can never make any woman happy." The washroom incident in which Hemingway assures Fitzgerald that he (Fitzgerald) could make any woman happy, by taking his measurement, is both comical and ominous. That a woman, failing to find her own femininity, may conceal that failure by attributing it to lack of manliness in her husband, is a trick we've all caught onto by watching TV. But Fitzgerald, with nothing to tune in but a radio, turned to drink.

Hemingway was a tolerant opponent and a mean competitor, both. Henry Strater, the artist whose portrait of Hemingway illustrates the back cover of *A Moveable Feast*, and who was close to Hemingway in Paris because he could knock Hemingway down as often as Hemingway could knock him down, remembers that their friendship ended on a fishing trip in a quarrel over a marlin. "I hated his guts for twenty years over that," Strater now recalls their feud, "I never hated any man so much in my life." Then he added: "But of all the friends I've had, now dead, the one I most wish were alive today is Hemingway."

Nelson Algren is presently writing a study of Hemingway to be published by G. P. Putnam's.

ART

DECORUM AND INDEPENDENCE

One of the quintessential trade-marks of French art is an innate breeding, a sense of decorum which, even when flouted, allows nothing more extreme than vitality. How typical was one of Renoir's strictures: *"Pas de tapage"*— no racket! Even Fauvism was no exception to the self-containment, the decorative sense and the finesse of the Gallic tradition. Of course, these remarks refer more to comportment than to expressive values in a given painting. Pleasure in sense is the basic premise, which is then channeled by whatever the immediate concern: light, color, structure, etc.

For the visual arts, comfort in the French manner, comfort in the well-made, temperate, retinal figuration, is today like a wistful dream of the past. We are no longer attuned to its civilized tranquillity. Earlier this season we had a cluster of shows by an exponent of French hedonism, Jacques Villon; and in April, of course, the Braque retrospective. This month, we are presented with a view of one of their colleagues, Albert Marquet (Knoedler). I suspect that the virtues of the latter, quite aside from all differences of talent, will seem as remote as those of the former.

These virtues are modest because Marquet, whose historical significance arises from his half-hearted and perfunctory participation in Fauvism, was a modest man. Although he was widely traveled, he was neither venture-

The New Writing in Russia

Translated, with an Introduction, by Thomas P. Whitney

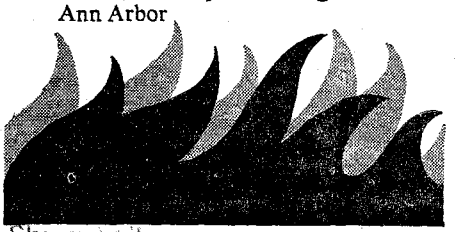
This collection of modern Russian writers contains works of Aksenov, Kazakov, Rozov, Nagabin, and Tendryakov. Here also is a full-length film scenario—"A.B.C."—by Victor Rozov, Russia's most popular dramatist among the younger generation.
424 pages. $6.95

Impressions of Lenin

by Angelica Balabanoff
Introduction by Bertram D. Wolfe

This little book is a revealing closeup not of one person but of two, two morally opposite poles of the Socialist movement of the first quarter of our century: V. I. Lenin and Angelica Balabanoff, and, for good measure, a vivid closeup of that Socialist movement in its hour of crisis.
176 pages. $5.00

The University of Michigan Press
Ann Arbor



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some nor curious. Rather, he belongs, with Derain and Felix Vallotton, to a conservative strain which resurrected the landscape vision of Corot and Bazille in twentieth-century French art. Derain tried to make a misguided classicism from it. Vallotton, emphasizing the value contrasts and heightening the finish, evoked a strangely naive poetry from the same source. Marquet merely concentrated on extending its touch and light sensitivity. In the end, the harbor scenes by which he is best known become simple pretexts for displaying these qualities. Even to see these pictures, we have to decelerate our speed of response, and chastise our appetite for the bold. But it is worth the effort.

But I don't want to stress the effort required to gain this pleasure. Marquet's little canvases, after all, are uncomplicated and extremely direct. When he changes a value, for instance, he changes a value—there's no fudging. With dabs from a rather blunt brush, he indicates rocks along a beach, or more calligraphically, the rippled reflections of a mast in water. The paint is perfectly apparent as paint, and yet is a magical equivalent, or rather synthesis, of the received impressions. What is contradictory is that the pleasure interest (which forms the whole justification of his art) is masked out, or deflected, by a most laconic, muted form of execution. Marquet throws away his opportunities for lush effects with a discrimination that is truly remarkable. Along with his friend Matisse, he believed in a power of summary which is only seemingly offhand; but he could never theorize about it, could never erect it into a system which exhilaratingly juxtaposed the poles of freedom and discipline in a new tension. Just the same, Marquet's ideal was discipline, arrived at intuitively, but regulated always by the character of the particular landscape he had before him.

If his art contains even a modicum of the twentieth century (he died in 1947), it is in his sparing employment of such things as isolated local color spots, slightly dissociated planes and arbitrary textures. In the most successful of his pictures, a graphic fluidity, standing out in cranes, masts and bare trees, is played off against his tonal delicacy of fogs, snow-covered boulevards or bridges, and limpid, incredibly limpid, bodies of water. There is an implied rather than an actual transparency in the treatment, which not only rations the paint matter, but conveys an atmospheric situation as if the process of description itself were unnecessary. But it does require maximum judgment in hand pressure, tonal control and placement. Marquet can brush in with the fewest of strokes, say, the expanse of a bay, and yet indicate the shifting shadows upon the liquid of sky, surface and depth, all at once. One imagines the bristles assigning themselves subtly variegated functions within the duration of their brief passage across the canvas. Still, Marquet is neither reporting nor poetically evoking the motif. The quality of light in his works is even and flat; and the simplification of forms is not journalistic. Rather, he is discreetly occupied with the distillation and testing of his sensations. From this issues his dry charm and his undemonstrative pleasure in the outer world.

The exhibition at Knoedler's, I think, could have been more selective. It contains a welcome number of Marquet's minute and incisive drawings, but also a disproportionate amount of routine work. When the subject is cluttered, or highly differentiated in its elements, the artist's rhythm is interrupted, and his powers of attention are distracted. One becomes aware of his limitations (as in his treatment of abundant green foliage), and the thin line between judicious understatement and the merely prosaic is crossed. His best works are those in which informal attenuations of light and air animate empty zones of landscape or sea. I especially like his pictures from the thirties, for instance, the "Blue Boat at Porquerolles." As for his delicious "Striped Window Blind" of 1945, with the sun filtering through the orange and red awning of his hotel balcony, and his fragile tripod easel silhouetted against the outdoor blaze, one is touched with an affection which lasts long after the visit to the gallery.

Stephen Greene (Staempfli) is a painter whose slow evolution and humanist inclinations have never geared very well with the hectic tempo and the mechanistic ideology of current art in New York. This has made him seem odder than he appears; but it has not concealed his seriousness and substance as an artist. On one hand, Greene is a powerful colorist who owes nothing to the transparent brilliance and optical shock of color field painting; conversely, he explores a kind of mythic imagery (though he is by no means representational) which is a generation removed from the mythology of the commercial product in Pop art. Now 46, Greene simply had to go his own way, unperturbed by Neo-Cubism, Abstract Expressionism or the latest installments in historical necessity. In retrospect, this seems a small miracle.

Nevertheless, one finds it difficult to describe Greene's particular independence. The color, for instance, is radiant, whether cool or warm, light or dark. Broken or uniform, the coloration always resonates. The handling, meanwhile, is dry, firm and clean, giving the palette a piercing refinement. A heavy blue, especially, sinks into the senses. And his deep tones have a particularly luxuriant rarity about them—fine cinnamon grays and mint umbers. There is no real passage work or blending, and whenever the painter wants an intermediary hue, or an infrequent agitation, he scumbles in fairly visible layers or bleeds out from a silky patch of strokes. Everywhere, one senses a prudent kind of indulgence, a reserve which only needs to relax obliquely in order to demonstrate an always latent drama.

To match this rather charged, but meditative coloration, Greene insinuates a vocabulary of shapes which has a more than vaguely primordial character. In his retrospective at Washington last year, it must have been clear how deeply the present work owed its theme to the crippled and isolated figures who weakly clung to ladders or awkwardly waved their crutches in his art of the forties and early fifties. Aside from a particular barrenness, there was nothing atypical, for the time, in the forced pathos of such imagery, an imagery which had so little to do with contemporary European art that it went all the way back to the Renaissance for inspiration. Even when it became fairly impressionistic and generalized, in a moment of high virtuousity, during the mid-fifties, this subject matter showed through, a construct for, rather than a vehicle of, feeling. But when Greene moved from this attempt at lyricism, in which the only felicities were of form, to the schematic, archetypal presences of the sixties, he seemed to find a more truly reciprocal framework of iconography and execution. Even if, at times, a florid, curvilinear form will suggest a biological origin, it is now dessicated and brittle, like a fossilized remnant of organic life. A weird fleshless vitality informs images that swoop about in the semblance, one guesses, of gaping mouths or antennae. The atmosphere is at once more impersonally menac-

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ing, but less explicit than the emotive biomorphic compositions of Gorky and de Kooning during the forties—the only precedents to which he can now be compared. What Greene has done is to maintain the allusiveness of his metaphorical repertory even though, given the current context, we would ordinarily tend to read that repertory as a mere set of conventions to hold the full strength of his chromatics. We cannot tune out the iconography and this, I think, is a definite contribution on Greene's part.

Yet, a few problems remain in these paintings. One feels that the spatial relation between the forms and the color sometimes reduces, by its distinctness, the fruitful pull in the direction of the nonfigurative. Whenever shapes are found on a ground, they tend to detach themselves in a way that divides the visual unity of the statement. It is not a question of flatness versus depth, but of incorporating the two elements of imagery and color in a fabric in which they both function actively, if ambiguously. Only by this form of integration can he convince us that the paintings should not be experienced as semi-abstract, that is, the shapes demanding interpretation on the level of representation, and the embodiment striking out elsewhere for sensuous impact. This compromise happened in 1960, in paintings which were primarily keyed white, and it could happen again, in view of the kind of vacancy that Greene wants to keep expressive. Perhaps the rather muffled tension between his opposing forces gives these pictures their edge and their distinction. If he continues pushing away from his rationalistic approach, but maintains his self-criticism, Greene's waywardness will have vindicated itself very nicely. For the present, he has given us an exhibition of invigorating beauty.

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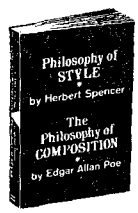

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MUSIC

THE SMUG DOWAGER

The Metropolitan Opera season just past was certainly as dismal as it has generally been considered, but this was more noticeable as a matter of degree than in any fundamental respect. For in recent years the impact of the Metropolitan's activities on the awareness of the active musical world has been about as significant as that of Madame Tussaud's on the world of visual art. This nullity might be thought more the Metropolitan's problem than the music world's, but its quasi-official status as the only major opera company in the United States (which, with the forthcoming move to Lincoln Center, becomes almost officially official) has enabled its activities effectively to divorce the whole area of opera from our musical environment and consciousness. And that can scarcely be regarded a matter for purely private concern.

The deprivation has, in fact, been so extreme that by now we are hardly aware of what we are missing. But even a cursory glance at what European audiences have been hearing and taking for granted in their major opera houses, in terms of repertory and originality of production, makes it painfully evident that we are being robbed of about as much essential artistic experience as we would be if, say, all our major museums suddenly stopped exhibiting sculpture. And we are really missing this experience quite completely, for whereas orchestral and chamber music can at least be approximately perceived on recordings, opera must be seen in all its dramatic and visual dimensions to be effectively understood.

Thus Europeans have, before and since the war, been able to regard such works as Berg's *Wozzeck* and *Lulu*, Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler* and *Cardillac*, Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron*, Stravinsky's *Oedipus* and *Rake's Progress*, Krenek's *Jonny Spielt Auf* and the operas of Strauss, Milhaud and Prokofiev as familiarly, if not necessarily with as much enthusiasm, as the staples of the repertory. Moreover, imaginative and original productions of the classics, such as Wieland Wagner's intensely brilliant Wagner at Bayreuth and elsewhere, Walter Felsenstein's searching re-creations of the classic and modern repertory in Berlin, and Ingmar Bergman's staging of contemporary works like the *Rake's Progress* in Stockholm, are established aspects of the regular European operatic scene. Productions of new operas by living composers are, in this context, a steady and unquestioned function of every major opera company.

We, in contrast, had our first *Wozzeck* at the low-budget New York City Opera some fifty years after its composition. (It penetrated the Met in 1960, in a misconceived and vocally inept performance that was quickly withdrawn; it will return there next season with a more promising cast.) The *Rake's Progress* was composed in California but first performed in Venice—and it was so butchered when it finally reached the Met that it, too, was hastily buried after a barely decent interval. *Lulu* was given its American première only this past summer—but in Santa Fe, not in New York. And *Mathis*, *Cardillac*, *Jonny*, *Moses und Aron* and Milhaud's *Orestie*, among innumerable other twentieth-century staples, have not yet had complete professional performances in the United States.

All this would still not be so critical were it not that, whereas all the leading European composers are active in the operatic realm, and have their works competently and prominently produced, American operatic composition has largely been relegated to the workshop hacks, in the total absence of either context or hope of production. Even when a major American composer does produce an important operatic work, whose production would attract so much interna-

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tional prestige and attention as to be a real coup for an American opera company, it, too, is left to Europe. While Roger Sessions' *Montezuma* was becoming the most significant operatic event of the European season in its Berlin production, and Ernst Krenek's new opera is scheduled for performance in Hamburg in June, the Metropolitan is content to console itself with Menotti's inane *Last Savage*.

What we do get is principally a parade of the more or less spectacular vocal acrobats of the international circuit (most of whose voices have long since been destroyed by overuse) in assiduous explorations of the best-known chestnuts in the most conventional performance styles—all carried off with varying degrees of shabbiness in discipline, ensemble and visual appearance. Occasionally, in the name of an original and imaginative production, we are treated to such apparitions as Franco Zeffirelli's recent *Falstaff*, with its third-hand imitation and boffo vulgarization of Wieland Wagner's low-comedy *Meistersinger* style. And when the confluence of singers comes off, as in this season's *Otello* with McCracken, Corelli and Tebaldi, it is almost in spite of the surroundings and atmosphere at the Metropolitan, that the image of a masterpiece emerges.

Aside from the prevailing dullness of one season, however, or even the barrenness of our entire operatic culture, the most disturbing aspect of the current situation is the quality and character of the Met's present management. Unlike our other major performance organizations, the Met has never indulged in any euphemistic pretensions about cultural or artistic responsibility; it has always been frankly a public institution run as a private club whose chief steward, lately Rudolf Bing, serves up new productions only on special order of members who are prepared to pay for them.

But Mr. Bing has, I believe, reached an entirely new level of cynicism with his recent reply to the criticisms leveled at the Met's repertory and performance standards by the New York critics. Essentially, Mr. Bing's contention is that since everything the Met does is designed solely to maintain financial equilibrium by filling the house every night and presenting the sort of thing that will guarantee the continued interest and patronage of his moneyed box holders, the critics, whose concerns are peripheral to these essential objectives, and who have no responsibility for the company's solvency, are simply incompetent a priori to evaluate its activities. Nowhere in this extraordinary document (published in full in the *Saturday Review* and in part in one of Mr. Schonberg's Sunday *Times* columns) is any real attempt made to justify the company's policy on artistic grounds, only on those of financial expediency, popular support and precedent—and surely nothing is easier to justify on the basis of precedent than eternal redundancy! In Mr. Bing's view, moreover, everything unconventional or experimental can conveniently be left to the New York City Opera, a position that completely disregards the fact that that institution lacks the resources, prestige or directorial ability to undertake this responsibility in more than its current desultory fashion.

The depressing attitude of this position for the future of opera in America is, unfortunately, unmistakably borne out in the announced program for the new Metropolitan Opera House in Lincoln Center. For one thing—perhaps most significant because of its permanence—the blueprints for the physical plant itself include no provision for sound equipment, complex stage manipulation or any resources of even the kind that would be needed to perform adequately a 30-year-old work such as *Moses und Aron*, let alone anything new or experimental. This, in turn, is no more than a concrete manifestation of the approach that, in choosing a work to commission for the opening of the new house, overlooks both the many American composers whose originality in other media would seem to hold exciting possibilities for opera, and those few who, like Hugo Weisgall and Ernst Krenek, have also given serious thought to the question of a contemporary combination of music and drama. Instead, we are given Samuel Barber again, who has already proved his acceptability to the Met with his eminently featureless *Vanessa*, and who, with all due regard for his unquestioned professionalism and ability, hardly seems likely to produce anything less predictably routine than he has for the last twenty years.

Still, as long as Mr. Bing can plead poverty and dependence on the whims of private donors, it will hardly be possible to bring effective pressure to bear on him and his colleagues to accept the responsibilities of their public trust. Furthermore, our opera and concert audiences have not been well enough trained musically by their schooling to demand—or even to know that it is possible to demand—anything better than what they are given. Under these conditions, perhaps the only salvation for opera in America would be to call Mr. Bing's bluff by officially subsidizing his company, by providing him with the means specifically to carry out the essential functions he now neglects for, presumably, practical reasons alone. Such functions are, after all, educative in the deepest sense, and their fulfillment cannot but result in the ultimate development of a more demanding and enlightened audience. And it seems to me that the channeling of public resources and effort into a medium that could generate a vast new creative development in which, for once, a wide audience could participate from its inception, is a cultural investment so potentially lucrative that we can scarcely afford to ignore it.

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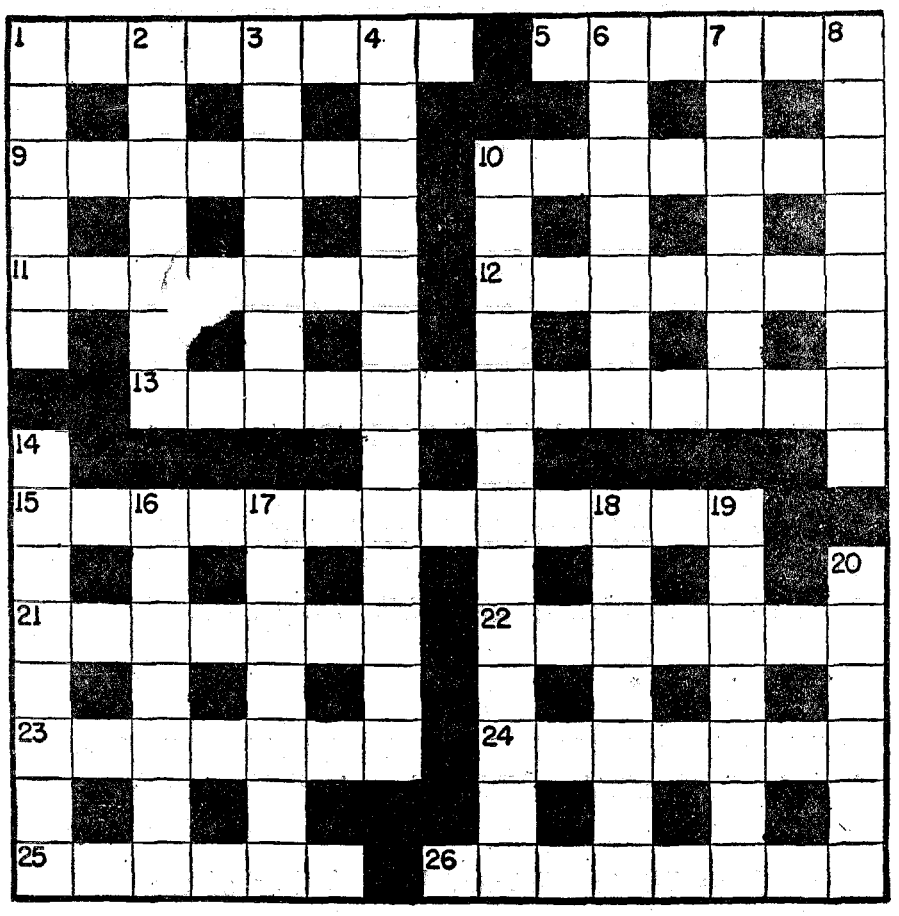

ACROSS:

1 One doesn't like to suffer it on getting up, as cowmen do. (4-4)
5 Crush the spirit? (6)
9 Disconcerted someone, as the snake might have. (7)
10 Quietly pulls up and makes some nice comments. (7)
11 Below the border, would one legally advise something to eat? (7)
12 Slight suspicion, by the sound of it, might be thin. (4, 3)
13 Is the strike on the vessel to come to an end? (4, 3, 6)
15 Directed to the arbiter when someone is called out on strike? (4, 3, 6)
21 Algeria as it was, more or less. (7)
22 Having the rest, perhaps, one sometimes doesn't like to be so caught. (7)
23 People who have been subjected to lots of pressure have to go through it. (3, 4)
24 Descriptive of Cupid—rather wearing? (7)
25 British cathedral diocese, or French palace. (6)
26 In a fool, by itself, does quite the opposite of 10 across. (8)

DOWN:

1 Driving companion connected with the joint. (6)
2 What might go with a tick on a tangled mass of hair still has a point to it. (7)
3 Like the bottom of Mississippi?
4 No bull, certainly. (4, 2, 3, 4)
6 25 Might be somewhat like one.
7 Quite a clump of milling stock around us. (7)
8 How to get lost, proverbially? (8)
10 What a runaway takes and fools around with? They helped keep the fire going, at one time. (6, 7)
14 Fur trade? What the hunter does, rather, after the kill, especially if a man of confidence. (4, 4)
16 What a runaway may be on with a victim of dangerous fish. (7)
17 To plead uncertain and immature form? (7)
18 Demonology? I beg of you to do so! (7)
19 Such things as Donizetti associated with love? (7)
20 Grease doesn't upset the stomach, it seems. (6)

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